

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

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Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo. sec. xxxvi.*

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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IN our previous article on the music of the Protestant church as found at the present time in England, we principally confined our observations to the general inefficiency of the organists and their instruments as demonstrated by comparison of both *here* with those of Germany and with particular instances of excellence in this country. We also suggested some of the causes to which this state of the organist's art is traceable, but before quitting the subject definitely for an inquiry into other departments of the practice of church music, we briefly advert to one or two circumstances connected with the question which are too important to be overlooked, notwithstanding the tinge of heterodoxy some of them may appear to carry on their surface. We have stated that, speaking generally, the organ is not studied in England as a distinct instrument, and that, consequently, the ordinary style of performance on it is little else than a series of offences against taste and propriety. Now, as time and the effect of better example could not have failed, under ordinary circumstances, to have reformed a system of error which has endured from the first accounts we have of English organ-playing to the present time, some important check to improvement must necessarily exist, independent, we take it, of natural talent and means of acquirement in those who profess to devote themselves to this branch of art; and for this, which has too generally succeeded in casting an appearance of coldness, ignorance, and even of profanity, upon her services, the church herself and her ministers are, in our view of the case, deeply accountable. A pharisaical “righteous-over-much” spirit, which is rapidly degrading the Anglican church in dignity and authority beneath the level of the conventicle—a rabid piety which denounces the most innocent delights of which man's external senses are, by express provision of his Creator, susceptible—is now rapidly illustrating the folly of running violently

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from one extreme with the certainty of falling into another. From the instant in which the reformed church lost her unity, she began to cast away that little feeling for those arts which directly tend to elevate and un-brutalize the mind, which escaped her hate of Romanism. The immediate followers of Luther and Melancthon banished painting and sculpture as provocatives to idolatry, the puritans of a later date vented anathemas on music as an implement of Satan to stir up moral lewdness, and, still later, Sternhold and Hopkins, by their metrical breaches of all literary propriety in which it were difficult to say whether the profane or ludicrous prevailed, seemed specially engaged by church authority to bring poetry into contempt and derision! As sect after sect was split off from the reformed mass by the fire of maniacal enthusiasm and the vinegar of party-spirit, more and more rigorous became the exclusion of the arts from the share of influence on the worshipper's mind which they indisputably possessed under the old law, and which, as every dabbler in ecclesiastical history well knows, was retained, as far as circumstances would afford, in the earliest forms of Christianity; and now is the church herself, while professing to scorn those whom she esteems the degraded off-shoots of dissent, fast reaching the level she disdains, by degrees which she *will* not perceive, and from causes whose existence she would sternly deny;—how much music is concerned with this we shall now state. We are not about to investigate the state and prospects of the church, neither need our readers dread any infliction *quoad* religious controversy; but albeit we are discussing only music and its claims on human feeling, our purpose could not be served without saying thus much, and following it with an unequivocal declaration of our belief that the church of England is *wilfully* a virulent foe to the arts, that there is but one step betwixt her present position and the bare walls of the meeting-house, and that, in spite of all the evangelical cant about pomps and vanities, popish idolatry and vain ceremonials, her existence, *as a church*, depends as completely on her hold on men's feelings, as on her persuasion of their intellects;—with the loss of *that* sway which is now fully exercised *only* in her cathedrals, she infallibly resigns her authority, her dignity, and her *respectability*. To mince the matter would not suit our purpose. Music, then, has ever been employed in Divine worship, *not* because singing, abstractedly, could be especially grateful to the Deity—*not* because the music of mortals could be acceptable to Him before whom angels harp for ever—but because music, above all other things, exalts, purifies, and ennobles the mind, and, above all other things, fits it for the reception of devout and holy contemplations. David sang not because he would offer *music* to his God, but because that music best inspired the praises to which he sang it: the earliest Christians sang in their assemblies *not* because they deemed their music—drawn as it was almost wholly from Pagan sources—a fitting service to their Creator, but because that music begat in them a fervour and enthusiasm of spirit from which they rightly judged that *consciousness* of prayer and praise which far transcends all forms of words must surely flow. Music, we repeat, is the first and chief exalter of the mind, and we may fairly infer that its effect in this respect will be in proportion to its excellence; but, on this subject, what is the conduct of the Protestant church

and her ministers? By wrongfully—we *might* say, feloniously—appropriating a great part of the musical provision of her cathedrals to other and certainly not more holy purposes—by the indecorous pride of her ministers, too frequently employed in endeavouring to degrade the office of church-organist until artists of talent and mind feel that to assist in the service on the terms dictated to them is offensive to their feelings and hurtful to their professional reputation, and so either leave or cease to take the smallest interest in, the performance of their duty—and by the ascetic cant of those deluded enthusiasts who imagine that every pleasurable emotion wars against the soul, and that therefore true piety is better promoted by vulgar and uncouth noise than by the best efforts of that genius which the Almighty has scattered over the world, probably with the express purpose of perilling the eternal salvation of its possessors,—by these, as chief causes, has been occasioned the anomalous state of music in the Protestant church—its organs without organists, its organists without organs, and its singing which, instead of inspiring devotion, can do little else than awaken disgust. That such is, speaking generally, the state of our church music cannot be denied, and the importance of fine music to devotional purposes, the church may yet, perhaps discover. In her extreme anxiety to spiritualize men's minds she forgets that they need some preparative influence which is beyond the power of ordinary pulpit eloquence to provide, and in treating music indifferently and as a thing of nought, she does not perceive that she casts from her the surest means of the power she covets. Some one—we forget who—has remarked that “it is difficult to say whether music has been more indebted to religion or religion to music”—we do not go the length of countenancing such a doubt, but, as much to the point, we would hold up to our own church the example of the Catholic—not in point of precept, but simply of practice: her unity is unbroken, and her magnitude is certainly *not* decreasing;—is it so because her doctrines carry truth to the minds of her disciples? or is it so because her means and appliances—music not being the smallest—captivate their senses? Our own church need not play the wanton with her high stewardship on earth, but she might properly consider it her duty to draw men within her portals *by any means*, even by their ears;—to retain them, to profitable purposes, belongs to a higher power than that whose employment we have here advocated.

MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.—No. II.

JOSEPH HAYDN.

(Concluded from page 70.)

In the war of Napoleon against Austria, in 1809, a French corps attacked, on the 10th of May, the lines of Mariahülf, before Vienna, near Haydn's house. They were just occupied in lifting the feeble old man from his bed and dressing him, when four cannon shots fell, violently shaking the doors and windows. He cried with full steady voice to his people, “Do not be afraid, children; where Haydn is you cannot suffer an accident!” But the spirit had been stronger than the body; his weakness increased. He continued, however, to play his song of the “Emperor” daily; and on the 26th of May he played it three times in suc-

cession with an expression which astonished himself. In the evening headache and cold attacked him, and on the 31st he died of total exhaustion.

Such was the life of the amiable artist. We like to recall it to our minds! and yet it is so difficult to compress all its main features into so small a compass! One trait above all others, however, must not be passed by; his noble feeling, so unsophisticatedly humane but yet so rarely to be met with, towards the only contemporary that might have been, in the common sense, a dangerous rival to him. Haydn was requested, in 1787, to bring out one of his operas at Prague. He refused, but did not altogether decline to write a new one. "But even then," he writes, "I should risk much, since there is hardly any one to be put by the side of the great Mozart. For could I produce an impression of the inimitable works of Mozart in the soul of every amateur, especially of our first men, so deep, with such musical conception, with so great musical feeling as I conceive and feel them, the nations would vie with each other to call such a treasure their own. Prague must retain the precious man but she must also reward him; for, without this, the history of great geniuses is a sad one, and affords little encouragement to posterity to go on in the true path, for which reason, alas! so many just expectations are not realized. I feel angry that this master, Mozart, has not yet been engaged at any royal or imperial court! Excuse me if I digress, but I esteem the man too highly."

In looking over his rich life this idea strikes us prominently—he has made much music. This idea is the best characteristic of his musical destination; for this alone was the sphere which was given him, but this in full measure, and which distinguished him from his great brethren in the art. Bach's own field was the church; Gluck cultivated the opera; Beethoven dived into the mysteries of the world of instruments; Mozart was impelled to the revelations of a heart full of love; but Haydn had throughout the avocation of making music: he was rejoiced at this avocation, and followed it faithfully, gladly, and piously; and each of his compositions gave evidence of it. The child took two sticks and played the violin; when he grew a little older he had to handle all the instruments. Again, he had to make music in the streets and in the choir of the church. He was the musician of everybody, and had to make new music for everybody. At one time they wanted a minuetto at a peasant's wedding; at another a quatuor for a serenade; or a patron wanted a quatuor for stringed instruments. All these persons must be pleased by his composition: deeply scientific music would not have been the thing for them however much connoisseurs wanted him to follow the old track. Besides all this, he had to give lessons, and again to write things suitable for his pupils. This was the same in his later years. His prince wanted to hear and to play new music, and sinfonias and compositions for the baryton had to be written by the hundred. This would have worn out most men; it would have made them mere mechanical labourers; others, to whom one fixed idea was given in the art, would have run away; Gluck for instance. Haydn's artless faithfulness and cheerfulness preserved him from both. He made music willingly, and wanted to make it as good as possible and to the taste of his patrons. For this God had given him talents, diligence, and success. Whoever is acquainted with the books from which Haydn learnt the art of composition must know how much labour it cost him to reach this object; and certainly, without his life as a practical musician, he never could have reached it, in spite of proud Porpora and Emanuel Bach's six sonatas. And thus he could bear testimony to the fact, remarkable considering the number of his works, that he never had composed over-hurriedly but always considerably and carefully. We may believe him, for his works bear him out. Any deeper idea, however, would have broken up his career: his people wanted a tutor in music, the world wanted innocent recreation, and the future wanted to be prepared by the return to the path of truly natural life. He had only as much insight into the regions of thought as was compatible with the undisturbed vivacity of his nature, of his popular way of thinking and feeling. He remained the open-hearted child of his country: and his thoughts only carried him over the level of unconscious instinct, without estranging him from his own natural sphere. In this respect, his own words, as reported by his contemporaries, concerning the course of his ideas, are characteristic. In his

later years he seems often, or even generally, to have followed in his instrumental compositions a distinct train of ideas. This is manifest in the "Seven Words," in the overtures to his oratorios, and the introduction to the different parts of the *Seasons*. He says that in his sinfonias he often meant to sketch moral characters. In one of his earlier ones he had the idea of God speaking to a sinner, entreating him to amend; but that the sinner, in his levity, did not listen to his exhortations. When, in 1796, the French were in Styria, he composed a mass (known in score as No. 2) under the title, "In tempore belli." The words, *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi*, are composed with a very singular accompaniment of kettle-drums; "as though the enemy was heard approaching from a distance," he said. At the words, "*Dona nobis pacem*," suddenly all the voices and instruments fall touchingly in. In another mass, which he composed in 1801, the idea struck him at the *Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi*, that the poor weak mortals chiefly sinned only against temperance and chastity; and he put the words, *qui tollis peccata, peccata mundi*, altogether to the playful melody from the *Creation*, "The dew-dropping morn, O how reviving." But that this profane thought might not be too prominent, he immediately after began to make the *Miserere* swell in full chorus.

Cool understanding will here very wisely observe, that the external ideas have led the artist altogether astray from his proper subject. But we would rather find in it the true expression of that unsophisticated, clever, prevalent feeling, not subject to the training of thoughts but full of child-like nature, taking life in its fulness, be it in joy, in morals, or in prayer. Haydn's genius did not carry him to the height of thought, but the whole life of sense filled his warm heart and gushed forth from it. His thoughts seemed, in those masses for instance, to go astray from the main subject; but they were, after his manner, entirely to the purpose. He may have been of minor service to the holy mass; but he saw in its words the children of Austria, who heard the old peace of their imperial monarch and of their gay fields disturbed. While he intended to please his dear fellow men he thought of their weakness against the temptations of pleasure; but he was too amiable and too good, and withal too much like them, to withhold pleasure altogether after his exhortation. Unconsciously he followed the way of his confession, which separates the profane from the holy, but descends indulgent to the weakness and the necessities of the people. To this same feeling we owe those lovely, playful imitations of nature in the *Creation* and the *Seasons*, in which he shows up, as it were, all beings with caressing fondness; giving voice to the autumnal rain as to the thunder storm, to the silent course of the moon and the snowfall, as well as to the first mighty stream of light.

False criticism has blamed this imitation from abstract laws of the understanding, not seeing that it is, in Haydn's personality as well as in the historical development of the art, a perfectly necessary and true period. The *Creation* and the *Seasons* could not be composed otherwise; and only by these oratorios, and in them, and in this form, could Haydn be brought to his culmination; without which neither Mozart, and still less Beethoven could have been conceived, or could have become what they are. It is interesting to observe that Haydn himself felt not at home when he encountered his most proper sphere in the poem of the *Seasons* (which was, however, selected and prepared without skill). He often complained bitterly of the "unpoetical" text of the *Seasons*, and of the difficulty of being excited to enthusiasm by "Joyful, joyful flows the liquor." His perfect success has shown that the task was more properly his own than he was aware of; and, in fact, the subject could not have been treated in a manner materially different by either poet or composer; and the latter especially had only the choice to take the poem up as he has done or to refuse it altogether. The sometimes voluptuously worldly exultation of his church music must be understood in the same way. Haydn was a thoroughly pious Catholic Christian, but in the prevailing innocent manner of his country. Both the severe ascetics or polemics tenacious of their dogmas, and the cold but splendid dignity of the

* He observed of the chorus, "All hail! O industry," &c., "I have been industrious all my lifetime, but as yet I never had the least idea of setting industry to music." He was right; and this chorus is certainly a little dry, a weaker part in the whole that is so over rich.

Roman and Venetian worship were alike foreign to him as they were to his country. He often said, that he never felt more full of rejoicing and happiness than when he thought of God, who had made everything so good and beautiful. And this spirit his music breathed. He rejoiced and praised, and prayed from his full heart, joining in the chorus of the thousands of voices of nature around him; but he prayed in a confiding, glad, child-like spirit.

Considering this spirit of his music, this innocent, gay, child-like spirit, we conceive that his operas could not succeed in the times of Gluck and Mozart. Scenic discernment; keen, characteristic, quick, and strong determination; self-denial and zeal—all necessary qualities to the dramatic composer were foreign to his rustic, peaceable mind. His operas, as far as we know them, contain plenty of music, but little of the dramatic. But this same turn of mind combined with the studies from Fuchs, with his early practical life as a musician, and with his later good and well-used opportunities for observation and experiments, and also his inexhaustible labour completed him as an instrumental composer. He is not only the creator of the modern symphony and of the quatuor, but also the master in them. Beethoven was led first by his deeper ideas to new, higher revelations. But in what Haydn gave he stands unsurpassed; nay, alone and indispensable. He depicted joy, sweetness, delicacy, natural deep and warm feeling, and profound sentiment; he ran through the whole scale of feelings from the most extravagant jubilee and the wildest gambols to the deepest shudder of mystery and the horrors of passionate despair. But he always knew how to keep within bounds, and his amiable mind always shone forth. Even where he touches on the harsh and the rough, he does it like a loving father who smiles while he exhorts the child and deters it from doing wrong. And this spirit makes him an eternal pattern for all the followers of the art. There is no other composer who knew so well how to keep the proper limits; there is never anything too long or too short with him; everything, the simple as well as the most artificial, is in its right place and in the right manner. No artist has so innocently received the most trifling thought that God gave him, nursing it so faithfully and warmly that it grew to a large, powerful tree of art: none have treated their subjects, the different instruments, so nicely and properly, and so parentally as he.

His instrumentation is clear as the blue sky and transparently pure, even when storming and darkening. Each instrument goes its own natural course; and he is always right, whether he chooses one or two of them or the whole powerful chorus of them all. No instrumental composer has known how to sing so sweetly and delicately, and no one understood how to raise such a power of tones as he. We should have ever to envy him if we did not ever love and honour him.

ON MUSICAL EXECUTION.

ONE of the besetting sins of the times is a tendency to misunderstand the word "execution." No sooner does a modern professor or leader catch sight of "allegro" at the signature of a composition, than he straightway cracks all the joints of his several fingers, and prepares himself for the performance. He screws his executive powers to their utmost, and forthwith converts the allegro into a furious *presto*, totally forgetting that execution, in the day the piece was written, could allow of no such exhibition as that wherewith he treats his hearers, and that the allegro of Mozart was very different from the present allegro of Liszt and Chopin.

To play an allegro, therefore, written during the reign of Mozart, with the ideas which exist under the present dynasty, is both cruel to the memory of the composer, and senseless and absurd in the performer; many of the passages are totally lost in clatter and confusion, and the feeling of the author entirely obliterated; this occurs in orchestral compositions most especially, as many of the instruments are incapable of rapid passages. We can fancy the surprise with which the author of the overtures to *Figaro* and *Zauberflöte*, and many other composers, would listen to them played in "opera time," that is, about one-third quicker than he ever intended them to be, and, in many cases, one-third quicker.

than the horns and bassoons can execute with any degree of precision or effect. Our opinion, we are aware, is somewhat heterodox, and likely to be "tush'd" and "pshaw'd" at by many of the leaders and conductors who are fond of driving an orchestra to its utmost, in order to make it play with something like spirit—as if there were *no spirit* in anything unless played quickly: but nevertheless we aver, that not above one out of six of our musical men understand the true meaning of the word "execution;" or, if they do understand it, they most wilfully and wittingly misapply it. Playing with extreme quickness is *not* playing with execution, nor ever will be while the world stands: execution—*real execution*—is drowned or out-thundered by a senseless succession of sounds, so jumbled by their excessive rapidity, that they enter the ear almost at one and the same time, thereby producing an effect, in our opinion, barbarous in the extreme. We have no objection to a moderate degree of quickness; but we will maintain that every note should have time to be heard, and not have its follower driven over it the moment it reaches the ear. The chromatic scale is effective, occasionally and moderately used; but we think few among us would admire it performed through a series of six octaves in the space of a quarter of a second, however we might feel inclined to applaud the dexterity of the executor. We remember once being in possession of one of those beautiful little toys, a musical snuff-box, which would play "*Vedrai carino*" in very pretty style, except at first starting, when it would be taken a little skittish, and, by consequence, would become modern and rapid. We wound up our little pet once upon a time, knowing that it would perform our favourite air seven times in succession, when, to our dismay, the check gave way, and the barrel made its seven revolutions, and played "*Vedrai carino*," seven times in much about the same time, and with much about the same effect as we should say "*Whiz!*" *Execution!* thought we—*execution!* Who among the finest of our performers could have done the like?—and yet, by the way of them, they would take infinite credit to themselves could they succeed in such an exploit; and, moreover, wonderfully would they be offended at any one daring to insinuate that the "*whiz*" they had produced was not music, but merely a "*whiz*" of longer or shorter duration, according to the talent of the performer. Heaven preserve them!—may they never succeed!—or, rather, Heaven preserve *us!* if they do.

How much more delightful is it to have an allegro played allegro, than to have it overdriven into a *presto*? How much more effective the accent? how much sweeter the little bits for the wind instruments when there is time for them to be heard; and how much better and more beautiful the whole performance? Maelzel's metronome!—wherefore was it invented, but to perpetuate the degree of rapidity with which any piece was to be performed? Why not, then, let us have a meeting of some of our principal men—of all our old favourites—and agree as to the time, instead of leaving them to the caprice of every young and hot-headed leader who may be blessed with ten fingers on each hand and a corresponding notion of using them. We repeat that execution is the besetting sin of the times, and that unless something be done to save the good old-fashioned allegros, maestosos, moderatos, and prestos, they will become totally extinct, and we shall have a new race of high-pressure times in their places. It would not be a bad plan, perhaps, to adopt the method of prefixing either "*high pressure*," or "*old style*," to an allegro or presto.

The moderns may take care of themselves; if they choose to play their own, or any of their contemporaries' music to the death with a Maelzel mark staring them in the face, let them; but the beautiful old melodies of bye-gone writers we would fain save from such foul and deliberate murder by fixing a rational time for their performance—alike removed from the trammels imposed by the ancient want of executive power, and the abuse of the *present* superabundance. If no one else steps forward in the cause we will take upon ourselves to issue an imperial edict, and, in the emphatic words of his celestial majesty, we will say, "*respect this*," and we will give forth the time by Maelzel, in which we choose that the several beautiful productions of the ancient masters shall be played, and terrific shall be the editorial thunder we will hurl at the devoted heads of all and very one who shall dare to disturb the dignity of our adagio.

STATE OF MUSIC IN RUSSIA.

(Continued from page 35.)

MILITARY MUSIC.

In speaking of Russian military music, I am enabled to use language of unqualified praise. It will be necessary to take our own as a term of comparison; and it will be seen that we are far from having the advantage. The number of musicians for each regiment is, in France, limited to 27; and another disadvantage is found in the insufficient nature of the instrumental complement. In Russia, 40 is the effective force. There are no salaried performers; the band being recruited from among the soldiers who have been observed to have a musical bias; and as the term of service is 20 years, the pupils have ample time for training, and becoming teachers in their turn.

Having devoted much attention to military music, and having conducted the July concerts at the Tuileries for seven years consecutively, I lost no time in composing a march, which was accepted by the emperor. On the day after its presentation I was surprised by a visit from the leader of the band of the Royal Guard, who came to return my score, with a request that I would re-arrange it, seeing that I had set it for those instruments only that we use in France. This gentleman is a German, named Haase. He had been leader of the band in a French regiment under the emperor; was taken prisoner in 1812, and enrolled in the service of the Grand Duke Constantine; and, on the death of his protector, was employed by the czar, with rank and appointments corresponding with the importance of his post. His distinction is justified by his talents; and I am indebted to his complaisance for the following details of the organization of a Russian band. I will first give our own:—

French band—one piccolo or octave flute in E flat; one small clarinet in E flat; three large clarinets in B flat (doubled); four horns in different flat keys; two cornets à piston; two trumpets; two trombones and ophycleids; besides the Turkish band of big drum, cymbals, &c.

Russian band—two piccolis; two flutes; one small clarinet in F; two clarinets in C (doubled); cornets di bassetto (doubled); bassoons di bassetto (doubled); two oboes; two English horns; four chromatic horns; six chromatic trumpets; one bass trumpet; one bass horn; four bassoons; four trombones and tubas; besides the Turkish band.

As many of these instruments are unknown to us, I shall enter on a short explanation of their nature and effect. The cornets di bassetto are the same as the clarinet in F which Meyerbeer uses in a trio in the fifth act of the *Huguenots*. As this instrument is very long, its form has been modified, and a fescure given at right angles, terminating in a crown of copper which augments its volume. The bassoon di bassetto is also a clarinet, but of a lower diapason than the cornet: its gamut is that of the bassoon. The chromatic trumpets are real trumpets, with all the scale and timbre of our own, but capable of sounding all the intermediate notes. The chromatic horns are our cornets à piston, which I have only heard in the opera orchestra in France. The bass trumpet is a species of trombone, with vent-holes or pistons, having a clearer and more rapid articulation than the trombone. The bass horn is a piston horn of large dimensions, and having much greater power in the low notes than the common horn. Finally, the *tuba* is an advantageous substitute for the *ophycleid*, and is a modification of that instrument, the vent-holes serving as keys, capable of a precision and rapidity of utterance incompatible with the latter, which with us is always behind time, by reason of the wind issuing both from the crown and the apertures covered by the keys.

The principal defect in our bands is the absence of intermediate instruments; the bass of the trombones and ophycleids is vigorous enough, and the high piccolo and clarinet pierce the ear; but between these extremes there is a sad lacuna. The horns without pistons have very small resources, and the three clarinets are scarcely heard. We much deplore the suppression of the bassoons,

which served as a connecting link ; they are only to be found in some bands of our national guard.

There is an annual concert at St. Petersburg, in the theatre of the Opera, formed by a combination of all the bands of the guard, and consisting of from 800 to 900 performers. M. Haase is the director, and the arrangement and casting of the parts occupies his attention during the whole year. This concert takes place in the month of April, and the profits are devoted to the Invalid fund. As I was obliged to leave St. Petersburg in the middle of March, the Grand Duke Michel had the complaisance to order a rehearsal for my benefit. Four hundred musicians only were collected, but their performance filled me with astonishment and admiration. The pieces performed were all of a severe cast, and involved a complication of harmony that I should never have supposed within the scope of wind instruments only. We had an overture by Lindpaintner; one by Mendelssohn; that of the *États de Blois*, by Onslow; some variations by Spohr, and some fragments by Beethoven. Moreover, they paid me the compliment of adding some pieces from the *Fille du Danube*, the *Ecumeur de Mer*, and from some of my operas. This rehearsal impressed me with a conviction that so remarkable a combination of instrumentalists is not to be found elsewhere in Europe.

An important improvement, due to M. Haase, is the substitution of metal for wood in the construction of clarinets. As the system of instruments is complete, by the use of the horns and bassoons di bassetto, the clarinets are not required to possess great power in the low notes, which are never used; and the higher ones gain proportionally by the change. All the clarinets are made of *maille-chort*; and M. Haase is in hopes of applying this metal to flutes, oboes, English horns, and bassoons, without altering the quality of the sound. The gain would consist in accuracy of pitch. It is known that the atmosphere acts differently on wood and metal, which explains the difficulty of obtaining perfect accord. Equilibrium will be established when all instruments are made of the same material; and the Russians appear to be rapidly approaching this consummation.

In summing up my observations on the four kinds of music, it will be seen that if we have the advantage in operatic and chamber music, the Russians are incontestably superior in military and sacred. Music is, in fact, a translation of the public thought and a mirror of manners. Russia is military and religious, because Russia is the emperor; and the emperor is the head of the army and of the church. Theatrical and concert music emanates from that civilization which varnishes the country, but the national character flourishes beneath; and the military and sacred schools will always be supported, from their analogy with Russian individuality.

This slight sketch of music at St. Petersburg may seem to inspire a reflecting mind with more elevated ideas of the Russian nation; a nation which, a century ago, was barely numbered in the great European family, and which can now successfully contest the palm with any rival, even in an art which is perfected only in a very advanced stage of civilization.

(To be continued.)

ON THE NATIONAL INSTRUMENT OF SCOTLAND—THE BAGPIPES.

BY JOSEPH WARREN.

(Concluded from page 75.)

It has been ascertained that the bagpipes were in the Lowlands in the latter end of the fifteenth century, but how much earlier is uncertain. In James the First of Scotland's poem, "Pebles to the play," they are mentioned; and they are likewise noticed in "Cockiltie's sow," where they are appropriated to swineherds. In the "Houlate" (an allegorical Scotch poem by Holland, printed about 1540) the lilt-pipe forms one in an enumeration of instruments; the *croude*, or *cruth*, is in the number, and the *clarsach*, or harp, appears there as belonging to

the Irish, or Erse bard—an additional presumption that that instrument did not belong to the Lowlands.

We have no reason to think that the bagpipes were at any period a national instrument of Ireland. When Sir James Ware says that "the Irish Kearns and Idlemen used a bagpipe instead of a drum in war, his remark was probably formed on the customs of the northern parts of the kingdom with which the Highlands had daily intercourse, and had formed close connexion. In an act of the Scotch parliament (reign of James I. of that kingdom), "The gude auld friend Erischerie of Ireland," are particularly noticed—(Actis of the Scottish parliament, A. D. 1565, fol. 11).

Stanishurst about 1584 says—"The Irish likewise, instead of the trumpet, make use of a wooden pipe of the most ingenious structure, to which is joined a leathern bag very closely bound with bands, a pipe is inserted in the side of this skin through which the piper, with his swollen neck and puffed-up cheek, blows in the same manner as we do through a tube. The skin being thus filled with air begins to swell, and the player presses against it with his arm; thus a loud and shrill sound is produced through two wooden pipes of different lengths. In addition to these, there is yet a fourth pipe perforated in different places, which the player so regulates by the dexterity of his fingers in the shutting and opening of the holes, that he causes the upper pipes to send forth either a loud or low sound at pleasure: the principal thing to be taken care of is, that the air be not allowed to escape through any other part of the bag than that in which the pipes are inserted; for if any one were to make a puncture in the bag, even with the point of a needle, the instrument would be spoiled, and the bag would immediately collapse, and this is frequently done by humorous people when they wish to vex the piper. It is evident that this instrument must be a very good incentive to their courage at the time of battle, for by its tones the Irish are stirred up to fight in the same manner as the soldiers of other nations by the trumpet."

In Vincentio Galileo's "Dialogo della Musica antica e Moderna, 1581," we find the following passage respecting the bagpipe:—"It is much used by the Irish; to its sound this unconquered, fierce, and warlike people march their armies, and encourage each other to deeds of valour. With it they also accompany their dead to the grave, making such sorrowful sounds as to invite, nay, almost force the bystanders to weep." These passages from Stanishurst and Galileo allude to the northern parts of Ireland, into which it is easy to account for the introduction of the bagpipes from the Hebrides, or from the Highlands of Scotland, and consequently for its partial use. No doubt is entertained whether the instrument was in use in the century in which these two authors wrote; their introduction into Ireland was, probably, long anterior to that period.

Walker, in his "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," says—"that it was reserved for the Irish to improve the bagpipes by taking it from the mouth and to give it its present complicated form. It did not long retain its original form among them, for the chord of drones which they gave it is supposed to have been the chorus of Cambrensis. In the "Complaynt of Scotland," printed in 1548-9,* and attributed to Wedderburne, among eight instruments enumerated, "ane drone bagpipe" is allotted to one of the shepherds. Another has "ane pipe made of ane bladder and of ane reed;" and a third, "the cornepipe," but no notice is taken of the harp.

Leyden observes in his dissertation to the above work that, "besides the characteristic melodies of the Lowlands of Scotland, the borders, particularly the middle and west marches, possessed a peculiar style of music well-adapted to the bagpipe—the wild and ferocious expression of which corresponded to the fierce and energetic character of the border clans." The original airs of the gathering songs and historical ballads have no inconsiderable resemblance to the martial tunes of the Welsh, Irish, and the Scottish Highlanders, and formed the favourite music of the border pipers, among whom the perfection of the art

* When no more than four copies were extant of that curious work, it was reprinted at Edinburgh in 1801, with an excellent preliminary dissertation by Mr. J. Leyden; that work has been of great service to Mr. Danney, in his "Account of the Skene MS."

was supposed to consist in being able to sing, dance, and play on the bagpipe at the same time. I recollect (says Mr. Leyden) to have heard different pipers applauded for this excellence. With the town pipers there is the utmost reason to believe that many ancient airs have perished. The last piper of Jedburgh (continues Mr. Leyden), whom I have often heard play on the bagpipes in infancy, always affirmed that he was acquainted with some ancient airs unknown to every other person; I recollect only the "Hunting of the Fox," which, from its uncommon expression, and the irregularity of its modulation, seemed to have a strong resemblance to a Highland pibroch. The Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag or sack covered with a woollen cloth of a green colour, a practice which likewise prevailed in the northern counties of England. Hence, probably, the term "woollen bagpipe."

In the popular songs of the border this instrument is frequently mentioned, as in *Thomas the Rhymer* and the *Queen of Elftand*; *Binnorie*, or the *Cruel Sister*; and particularly the *Harper of Lochmaben*, in Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Border."

So late as the 17th century, Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, in the Lowlands, is mentioned in an elegy (by Hamilton of Bangour) as having made "his cheeks as red as crimson" when he blew the bags; and in the song of "Maggie Lauder," a border piper is similarly described. From these instances it may be thought that the mouth-pipes were used in the Lowlands as well as the Highlands; but the instrument blown by bellows was certainly predominant in the former.

England received the pipes either through Wales or directly from her Roman invaders. That she had them prior to the 14th century appears from Chaucer, who places them in the hands of the miller in his "Canterbury Tales"—

"A bag-pipe well couth he blowe and sowne,
And there-withall brought he us out of towne."

They appear as early as Edward III. in the royal household establishment of England.

In the privy-purse expenses of Henry VII. there are various items of money paid to players on the bag-pipes:—

"Item,	To one that played on the drone	-	-	6s. 8d.
—	To Pudsey, piper on the bag-pipe	-	-	6s. 8d.
—	To the King's piper, for a reward	-	-	6s. 8d."

It would appear by this, that 6s. 8d. was the usual fee to a piper at that time. They are also mentioned in the third year of Henry VIII. in the Northumberland Household Book. When the situation of royal piper was discontinued I know not. The place of royal lutenist is still kept up. Mr. W. Hawes at present holds that sinecure.

Walker, in his "Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy," speaking of the musical instruments used in the *Farsa*, or *Masque*, by Sannazaro, which was represented in Naples before Alfonso, Duke of Calabria, in 1492, says, "Amongst the instruments enumerated in Sannazaro's little drama, we find the *cornamusa* and *ribeca*, both of which have ceased, long since, to be theatrical instruments: the former, however, is still a favourite with the Calabrese; and though the latter has fallen into total disuse, its name is yet remembered in Naples, and applied in derision to the violin in the hands of a bad performer."

THE POWER OF SONG.

(From the *Lives of Haydn and Mozart*.)

I WAS disputing with a Venetian who sat by me, on the quantity of melody existing in music towards the middle of the 18th century. I remarked that, at that time, there was scarcely anything that could be called an air, and that the music was doubtless little else than an agreeable noise.

My companion started from his seat at these words, and related to me the

adventures of one of his countrymen, the singer Alessandro Stradella, who lived about the year 1650.

He frequented the most distinguished houses in Vienna, and ladies of the first rank disputed the advantage of taking lessons from him. It was in this way that he became acquainted with Hortensia, a Roman lady, who was beloved by a noble Venetian. Stradella fell in love with her, and had little difficulty in supplanting his rival. He carried off Hortensia to Rome, where they gave it out that they were married. The furious Venetian sent two assassins in search of them, who, after having vainly sought for them in many towns of Italy, at length discovered the place of their retreat, and arrived at Rome one evening when Stradella was giving an oratorio in the handsome church of St. John Lateran. The assassins determined to execute their commission when the people came out of church, and went in to watch one of their victims, and to examine whether Hortensia was among the spectators.

Scarcely had they listened for a few moments to the delightful voice of Stradella, when they began to soften. They were seized with remorse, they melted into tears, and their last consideration was how to save the lovers whose destruction they had sworn. They waited for Stradella at the door of the church, and saw him coming out with Hortensia. They approached, thanked him for the pleasure they had just received, and informed him that he owed his life to the impression which his voice had made upon them. They then explained to him the horrible object of their journey, and advised him to leave Rome immediately, in order to give them an opportunity to make the Venetian believe they had arrived too late.

Stradella and Hortensia lost no time in profiting by the advice, and repaired to Turin. The noble Venetian on receiving the reports of his agents became only the more furious. He went to Rome for the purpose of concerting his measures with Hortensia's own father. He succeeded in persuading the old man that his dishonour could only be washed away in the blood of his daughter and her ravisher, and the unnatural father set out for Turin with two assassins, after having procured letters of recommendation to the Marquis Villars, who was then the French ambassador at that court.

In the mean time, the Duchess-regent of Savoy, having heard of the adventures of the two lovers at Rome, was desirous of saving them. She put Hortensia into a convent, and gave Stradella the title of her first musician, as well as apartments in her palace. These precautions appeared to be effectual, and the lovers enjoyed, for some months, a perfect tranquillity, when, one evening, as he was taking the air upon the ramparts of the town, Stradella was attacked by three men, who stabbed him in the breast and left him for dead. They were the father of Hortensia, and his two companions, who immediately took refuge in the palace of the French ambassador. M. de Villars, unwilling to afford them protection after the commission of a crime so notorious, or to surrender them to justice after having granted them an asylum, gave them an opportunity of escaping a few days afterwards.

Nevertheless, contrary to all expectation, Stradella recovered from his wounds, and the Venetian beheld his prospects a second time frustrated, but without abandoning his plans of revenge. Rendered only more wary by his former failures, he sought to take his measures with greater certainty, and contented himself, for the present, with setting spies over Hortensia and her lover. A year passed in this way. The duchess, more and more interested in their fate, was desirous of marrying them, and rendering their union legitimate. After the ceremony, Hortensia, tired of the confinement of a convent, was desirous of seeing the port of Genoa. Stradella conducted her thither, and, the very day after their arrival, they were found poniarded in their bed.

This melancholy adventure is said to have taken place in the year 1670. Stradella was a poet, a composer, and the first singer of his time.

I replied to the compatriot of Stradella, that mere sweetness of sound, though destitute of all melody, gives a very considerable pleasure, even to the most savage minds. When Murad IV., after having taken Bagdad by assault, in 1637, ordered a general massacre of the inhabitants, one Persian alone dared to

raise his voice; he demanded to be conducted to the emperor, as having something of importance to communicate to him before he died.

Having prostrated himself at the feet of Murad, Scakuli (such was the Persian's name) cried, with his face to the earth, "Destroy not, O Sultan, with me, an art of more value than thy whole empire; listen to my song, and then thou shalt command my death." Murad having signified his assent, Scakuli drew from under his robe a little harp, and poured forth, extempore, a sort of romance on the ruins of Bagdad. The stern Murad, in spite of the shame which a Turk feels on betraying the least emotion, was melted to tears, and commanded the massacre to be stopped. Scakuli followed him to Constantinople, loaded with riches, and introduced there the music of Persia, in which no European has ever been able to distinguish any kind of air whatsoever.

MADAME PERSIANI AND MR. LAPORTE.

THE following correspondence relative to Mme. Persiani's sudden departure from Her Majesty's Theatre last week, has appeared in the *Morning Post* :—

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,—In the report given by the *Morning Post* of this day it is stated that the real cause of Mme. Persiani's retreat from the theatre last night was as follows :—"That a letter was received in the morning from Paris, announcing that her son had been taken suddenly ill, and was lying in a very precarious state;" and this observation is added :—"If this statement be correct, Laporte showed great want of generosity in not frankly stating the truth."

Allow me to remark that being compelled to claim the indulgence of the public, without assigning any sufficient reason for Mme. Persiani's absence, I should have been indeed glad to have given a reason which was certain to bear with it the sympathies of the audience, and to release me at once from the consequences of their disappointment.

It was not until some time after I had appeared before the public that I heard of Mme. Persiani's child in Paris being unwell. Up to that time I had not received any communication direct or indirect, informing me of the fact, or expressing any wish that her services in the evening should be dispensed with.

The first intimation which I received of any difficulty whatever was after the close of *Donna del Lago*, when the call-boy informed me that Mme. Persiani would not appear unless the portion of the *Sonnambula* which she had to sing began from a certain place which rendered necessary the presence on the stage of the *Count* and *Elvira*; that Signor Rubini, though fatigued, consented to appear; but that Signor F. Lablache refused, he giving as a reason to the effect that, not having appeared for a considerable time, he could not be expected to make an appearance on such an occasion (in other words, that, having been paid during three months for doing nothing, his services could not reasonably be expected when wanted). I immediately gave directions that Signor Morelli, who had played the part in Paris, should be requested to dress without delay. Scarcely had the messenger left when Signor Costa entered my room and informed me that Mme. Persiani had quitted the theatre. I then directed that the overture to *William Tell* should be played, whilst I sent to Mme. Persiani a most pressing note, urging her return. To this request she refused to accede—not making any mention of a domestic affliction preying upon her mind—not inviting me to offer this, or any excuse to the public, but merely stating that she was unwell and would not come back.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. LAPORTE.

P. S. Since writing the above I have received the following letter from Mme. Persiani :—

(Translation). *To M. Laporte.*

"SIR,—I could not answer your strange note, received as I was going to bed; but, before I speak of your note I must tell you how the affair passed at the theatre. I arrived there at the end of the first act of the *Donna del Lago*. I was dressed as *Sonnambula* at the end of the opera, when M. Costa came into my room and said to me, 'Madame, there is an unfortunate circumstance. M. Frederic Lablache will not sing. I do not know where to begin your air, and M. Laporte sends me to tell you that, if it does not annoy you, you need not sing the air of *Sonnambula*.' I answered, 'Lord! it does not annoy me at all; but I can't help saying that it is very wrong to bring to the theatre a woman who is unwell, an *artiste* who is not the refuse of the theatre, and to tell her, when she is dressed, you

may go away, you will not have to sing to-night.' This is what happened to me last night, and to this conversation with M. Costa, which I have much shortened, *Mdlle. Grist*, *Mdlle Bellini*, and M. Ricciardi were witnesses. From what I have just stated, either you have given such an order to M. Costa, and your note of last night is a *folly* (not to use a stronger expression), or M. Costa has acted without your knowledge; and then I can only pity you, but I never can explain the proceeding of M. Costa.—Believe me, Sir, your very devoted,

"July 31, 1840.

"FANNY PERSIANI.

"P.S. I give you notice that I keep a copy of this letter, and that I will insert it in the papers, if I happen to know that there is something against me, as I will not allow the English public to believe that I have failed in my duty."

To this letter, which I sent to Signor Costa, demanding an explanation, he writes me the following answer:—

"Last night, after the *Donna del Lago*, I went into the room of Mme. Persiani and told her, 'Madame Persiani, I am sorry to have to inform you that Frederic Lablache will not come to sing this evening, as he says that he will not appear before the public, after four months, to utter two words; and I don't know where to begin.' Mme. Persiani answered, 'I will not sing if all are not there.' I said, 'Do as you think fit;' and I called Thomas (the call-boy), in order to inform M. Laporte of the circumstance, saying at the same time to Mme. Persiani, 'Wait until we see what Laporte will say.' She answered, 'No, Maestro, it is useless to send, because I am unwell, and because—it is useless.' Upon this I went to M. Laporte, and in the meanwhile Mme. Persiani quitted the theatre."

"M. COSTA.

Between these conflicting statements—between Signor F. Lablache and Signor Costa, Signor Costa and Mme. Persiani, Mme. Persiani and her witnesses, I can only say, with Mme. Persiani, *I am indeed to be pitied*. I leave the decision to the discriminating judgment of the public.

F. LAPORTE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. BERLIOZ'S FUNERAL MARCH.—M. Berlioz has added another laurel to the wreath which already encompasses his brow, by the composition of the music performed to celebrate the funeral obsequies of the victims of July. The composition in all its parts is of such magnitude, that it would require more than one audition to appreciate its effects as they deserve; we therefore undertake to record the impression it produced upon the mass of the large assembly present and on ourselves. It opens with a funeral march, that singularly and happily blends a solemn and melancholy strain, with a well-preserved military character. The opening is a martial movement in the key of F minor, introduced by a funeral roll of drums, and a few bars of trumpets and horns preceding the full instrumentation, which is continued, supported, and varied throughout with masterly skill—now swelling into a loud strain of lamentation—now sinking into a low wail for the dead, with felicitous power of expression. A novel effect is produced by an imitation of musketry and artillery, forcibly illustrative of the composer's subject. The movements comprising the funeral march and *Apotheosis* rise, we think, however, even above the first, in both conception and execution. A recitative written for a trombone early breaks upon the ear, in a strain of musical eloquence of the most touching character; in a fitful chagement of measure to 3-4, the bassoon joins it with a delicious effect; presently, as if in reply, a choral strain seems to rise from the instruments, that really requires only voices to complete the delusion. But the grand effect is not yet produced; the composer has not prematurely lavished his means, but, summoning them all for his conclusion, pours them forth with magnificent effect in an immense burst of military grandeur of the most sublime character. The entire of a most powerful brass band, with the trumpets predominating, strike out this new subject, and soon, by the employment of all the means at the composer's disposal, a superb combination of harmony carries the hearer irresistibly away. This concluding piece roused the enthusiasm of all present, and was frequently interrupted by bursts of irrepressible applause. We repeat, however, that it is impossible after only a single hearing of this astounding composition to point out all its beauties, but,

as they become more known, so will M. Berlioz's triumph become extended. The execution of the band was creditable, though in some parts, especially where the flutes and clarinets predominated, there was a want of light and shade absolutely necessary to the effects the composer evidently intended, and which somewhat destroyed the perfection of the work. M. Berlioz himself directed the orchestra with inexhaustible energy and effect.—*Galignani.*

HAYDN AT THE LORD MAYOR'S FEAST.—When Haydn first came to England, in 1791, he was invited to the Guildhall entertainment on the 9th of November. The following is his description of the scene: "After dinner, there was a ball in three different chambers. The first was allotted to the *haute noblesse*, by whom only minuets were danced. I could not possibly remain there, both on account of the heat and the detestable music performed by an orchestra consisting of two scrapers and a violoncello. In the second chamber they danced country-dances: the band there was somewhat better, because the noise of the tambours drowned that of the violins. The third chamber, which was the largest, had a band somewhat more numerous and less vile. The gentleman were seated at several tables in drinking parties. There was some dancing, but not to the sound of music, because the songs bawled at the tables, the toasts, the laughing, and the gabbling and clamouring, totally prevented the instruments from being heard."

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PIANOFORTE.	HARP.
Watts, W.—Beethoven's seventh symphony in A, op. 92; arranged as duet <i>Chappell.</i>	Bochsa.—La moderne Italie; morceau brillant de concert et de salon <i>Boosey.</i>
Burrows, J. F.—Quartet—Euryanthe, 'Alziam gli eviva'; arranged as duet <i>Ditto.</i>	—Souvenirs du Nord; petits morceaux agréables sur les melodies Dan-
Plachy.—Come per me; sereno from La Sonnambula <i>Boosey.</i>	noises, Suedoises et Norwegiennes, 3 nos. <i>Ditto.</i>
Henselt.—Works of, book 7, 'Un moment de recreation'; impromptu <i>Wessel.</i>	VOCAL.
Hiller.—Twenty-four Grand Studies, dedicated to Meyerbeer, edited by C. Potter; book 2 <i>Ditto.</i>	Bonetta.—Nina; arietta <i>Boosey.</i>
Bertini.—Collection of Studies, edited by C. Potter; book 23, containing 18 octave exercises <i>Ditto.</i>	Negri.—Il Gondoliere <i>Ditto.</i>
Le Pianiste Moderne, nos. 38 and 39, deux morceaux elegans—no 38 sur 'Sarah,' no. 39 sur 'Le Chevalier de la canolle' <i>Ditto.</i>	Beethoven.—The Lord is my shepherd <i>Z. T. Purday.</i>
Kalliwoda.—Fifth grand symphonie, orchestra; op. 106 <i>Ewer.</i>	Westrop, E. J.—Universal Psalmist, parts 1 and 2, each containing 100 psalm and hymn tunes <i>Ditto.</i>
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Auber.—Overture to 'Zanetta' <i>Ditto.</i>	Carnaby, Dr.—Oh, who is like the mighty One <i>Ditto.</i>
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—Andantino, op. 62 <i>Ditto.</i>	Poole, S.—Return unto thy rest <i>Ditto.</i>
Burgmuller, rondo brilliant, Xacarilla <i>Ditto.</i>	Klitz, P.—The Lord's Prayer; trio <i>Ditto.</i>
MISCELLANEOUS.	Magnificat <i>Ditto.</i>
Chopin.—'La Gaité' introduction and brilliant polonaise, in C, for piano and flute, by Sedlitzek <i>Wessel.</i>	Fisin, J.—I will give thanks; anthem for two voices, with chorus <i>Ditto.</i>
Hartmann.—Three easy rondos for violin and pianoforte <i>Ewer.</i>	Macfarren, G. A.—The fairy sisters; duet <i>Chappell.</i>
	Wade, J. A.—Come where the wild bird Alla pace degli eletti; romanza—Il Giuramento <i>Ditto.</i>
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THORN'S TALLY HO! SAUCE.

For fish, game, steaks, chops, cutlets, made-dishes, and all general purposes, is the richest and most economical sauce now in use; imparting a zest not otherwise acquired. In bottles 2s. and 4s.; warranted in all climates.

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'We have tasted Thorn's Potted Bloaters for toast, sandwiches, &c., it is indeed quite a delicacy, and none of our friends proceeding to India or the colonies should, on any account, be without a supply;—we certainly give it a decided preference over anything of the kind that ever came under our notice.'—*Alexander's East India Magazine*.

CAUTION.—The proprietor being aware of several spurious compositions that are daily offered to the public under the name of Potted Bloaters, begs them to observe his signature, A. THORN, on the side of the Pot, without which it cannot be genuine.—Wholesale Warehouse, 223, High Holborn.

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